

## The Weekly Expositor.

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YALE, MICH.

### WHO SHOT McPHERSON.

The Story of an Eye-Witness to the Killing of the Brave Union General.

The following communication appears in a recent edition of the *Atlanta Constitution*: Much has been said lately in your paper and others concerning the killing of General McPherson, and these various accounts differ as to many points connected with that event. General McPherson was highly esteemed by the Southern army, and it can be well said of him that wherever he went his gentlemanly deportment and kindly treatment of the Southerners was almost demoralizing. It was in marked contrast with much that his fellow officers did. Hence our people even at the time regretted his death, and now honor his memory.

The writer is well acquainted with Captain Richard Beard, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., who claims, and no doubt justly, to have been eye-witness to the killing of General McPherson. I may not give his account with perfect accuracy, for it was told me years ago, but my recollection is that the circumstances attending that event were substantially as follows: Captain Beard was ordered, with his company, then a mere handful, to make an attack upon a fortification which it was supposed was held by few men. While executing this order quite a number of Federal officers came riding towards him. Halting his men he waited until they got near by and then commanded them to surrender. All did except one, who, wheeling his horse and putting spurs to him, while drawing his sword and waving it over his head, dashed off at full speed towards the Federal lines. Captain Beard ordered his men to fire, for, as he states, he felt satisfied that the officer, on account of the retinue accompanying him, must be high in command, and he could not help admiring his brave dash for freedom. However, an Arkansas Sergeant, who had become detached from his own command, and was accompanying Captain Beard's company, drew down his gun, and in spite of the order given, fired, and the retreating officer fell to the ground.

After disarming those who had surrendered, and putting them in charge of one or two men, Captain Beard resumed his advance, and passed the prostrate form of the officer just killed. Dashing with his brave Tennesseeans up the fortification, he was astonished to see a Federal colonel jump upon the embankment, within speaking distance, who shouted in almost appealing tones to Capt. Beard: "For God's sake surrender, brave man, for we have ten to your one!" The Tennesseeans were soon surrounded and taken prisoners, finding the statement of the Colonel true. The charge from the reinforced Federals swept everything back until they passed and retook the prisoners, and then Captain Beard learned that the officer killed was General McPherson. This information was confirmed when he was carried before General Sherman, the Colonel taking him prisoner accompany him, and asking for kindly treatment in behalf of the brave Tennesseeans.

Capt. Richard Beard, Murfreesboro, Tenn., can give a full and interesting account of this event, authentic and vouched for by a number of living witnesses. He is an exceedingly modest man, and hence I have taken the liberty of speaking thus fully about him. Probably there may be some inaccuracies about some of the details here given, but not as to the main fact, that he was an eye witness to the killing of General McPherson by an Arkansas Sergeant and under the circumstances.—*Jean Cee.*

### Shaking Hands With a Lion.

In a recent English autobiography, "Reminiscences of a Literary and Clerical Life," the author mentions one of his exploits as a schoolboy. A traveling manager once came to town, and gave "an evening performance, redolent with gas and orange peel," and the schoolboy was there.

The manager was especially famous for his lions. They were indeed noble beasts, but crowded together in traveling vans, where their discomfort was not likely to improve their tempers. All round the vans ran a rope-chain to keep everybody at a reasonable distance from the claws and beaks of the wild animals. I managed to smuggle myself under this rope undetected by the keepers.

A magnificent old lion lay stretched at full length, with one paw outstretched. A sudden thought struck me that it would be a fine thing to shake hands with that lion. It was by no means the sort of thing to be done every day. It would place me in a proud position among the boys of the town.

In a moment I laid my hand on the top of the outstretched paw. It was soft and somewhat velvety, and the lion lay perfectly still, appearing not to mind me in the least.

It is not unlikely that I might have gone on to complete the operation of hand-shaking, but all at once I felt the out of a whip across my face.

I started back with the pain and looked round. At that instant the keeper came up and spoke to me very civilly. He was very sorry to have hurt me, he said, but in all probability the lion would have torn my hand off, and this was the only way of making me start back.

I did not feel so grateful to the man at that moment as I have done ever since.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Entitled to a Seat.

I was at a morning wedding a few days ago with a very pretty and dashing girl who only a year ago had refused the man who was on that day to wed another. As she moved up the aisle an usher stopped her and said: "Pardon me; are you a member of the family?"

"No," she answered, "I am not; but," she added "give me a good seat, for I might have been."—*N. Y. Truth.*

## A FLOATING POPULATION.

Sanpan Life at Hong Kong—Children Who Take to the Water Like Young Ducks.

The floating population of Hong Kong, as it is called, numbers some sixty thousand souls. They are a busy and energetic community, as distinct from the Chinese on shore as though they belonged to a different race. I never could understand how they manage to exist. They seem to be a sort of mutual aid association, each supplying the wants and needs of the other. They maintain some little trade among the shipping in the harbor, though, for all I could see, the majority of them had no business whatever.

It would be hard to fancy several generations of Europeans passing their lives within the confines of a small boat, scarcely seventeen feet long—fathers, mothers, children and grand parents live together like animals in a cage, never leaving their homes, yet seemingly as happy as a listless existence and no responsibility could make them.

Of course some are busy, very busy, and paddle about all day long, crying their various wares, with yells at once discordant and unbearable to ears not accustomed to their sound. The others seem to fish, and by whatever means they always appear to have a well-stocked larder of such simple viands as they are accustomed to.

To describe a sanpan, one has only to imagine a long, clumsily constructed boat, with a thatched roof over the center and divided into three compartments. They are propelled somewhat after the fashion of the Venetian gondola. The children occupy one end, the old folks the other, while the center is devoted to cooking purposes.

Our first experience as we steamed into Hong Kong harbor was with a large Chinese junk. The wind was blowing at a lively rate and the junk, with great sails of matting spread, tried to cross our bows. A collision seemed inevitable. We were going at a very slow rate of speed and the captain, swearing a blue streak at the Chinaman, signalled to stop.

It was a close shave, and the Chinaman at the rudder post grinned as he witnessed the anger of the captain. The grin of the Celestial was changed to a look of dismay a moment later, however, as his hat, a curious and large-proportioned affair, blew off his head into the water. There was a moment of indecision, and then, neglecting the rudder, the man dove overboard after his hat. We were nearly a mile from shore, and I naturally expected the other Chinamen in the junk to bring it about and rescue the man in the water.

"But they didn't. One of them took up the steering gear and the man overboard was scarcely given a thought. 'Don't you think we ought to rescue him?' I asked the captain.

"What, him?" he replied. "Not much, he's all right; they swim like sea otters, those fellows."

And so it seemed, for the man on recovery of his hat struck out for the nearest point of shore as unconcerned as if he were merely starting for a walk. A few were seen among the sanpans, and a greater opportunity for the study of human nature could not well be imagined. I saw one youngster scarcely two years old thrown into the water one morning, and instead of being frightened the child seemed to enjoy it. The morning abjection for every member of the family, it might be mentioned, consisted in plunge over the side and a scramble back into the boat. They were then dressed for the day, their clothes soon drying in the sun.

On one occasion, donning a bathing suit, I swam over to a large sanpan some one hundred yards or so distant from the ship and invited myself aboard. I was hospitably received and as well as signs could convey the invitation, was pressed to stay to dinner. This consisted of a large ball of what looked like pot cheese, to be washed down with lukewarm brackish water. I tasted some of the stuff. It was enough for me, and I signified that having just dined I was not hungry.

As I left the boat by simply diving overboard, I was accompanied back to the ship by a boy and girl, the one about 14 years old, the other 12, and, while I had always prided myself on my swimming, I must confess these two Chinese youngsters swam all around me with ease.

I visited this family quite frequently after this, and we all became firm friends, and when I left the port I gave my bathing suit, a flashy affair of blue and red, to the young lady, Miss Ah Hoy, which, I am satisfied, she afterwards wore on state occasions, to the lasting envy of her lady friends and the admiration of her suitors.—*N. Y. Herald.*

### TARANTULA AGAINST CENTIPEDE.

Some Interesting Battles Between Venomous and Ferocious Creatures.

One afternoon last week there was an interested crowd of amusement seekers in and in front of the large side windows of Knox & Van Haren's drug store. Several days before two centipedes, one large and the other small, were brought into the store, and also a tarantula. They were left in separate receptacles, and all alive.

On this particular afternoon it was determined to see how the animals would act when placed together. A layer of sand, about an inch thick, was spread over the bottom of a glass globe, and first the two centipedes were dropped in and then a horned toad. His majesty with the horns took no part in the trouble which disturbed the other two. He seemed to be acting simply as the referee of the fight. The two centipedes crawled over him and rolled over him, but hardly awakened his sleepy nature.

Not so the others. They circled two or three times around the globe and finally came in each other's way. Each desired to crawl over the other and the battle began. It was short but it was exciting. No two pugilists ever went after each other with more vim and more apparent determination to do each other harm than did these two centipedes. Their satlike claws were repeatedly imbedded in each other's bodies, but the smaller one could not stand the

strain, and when they came together for the third time, about two minutes after they were first put in, they clinched and wound about each other, keeping their claws going in scissor fashion upon each other's bodies until the smaller centipede dropped off dead.

The body was taken out of the globe, and soon after the tarantula was dropped in. The centipede had not had time to recover any strength after his battle with his fellow, and his sting had lost its death-dealing qualities, so that this battle was also short. The two animals closed only twice when the forceps of the tarantula crushed through the head of the larger centipede, and he died quickly.

One of the company who had watched the two battles, impressed with the way the centipede fought in the first battle, ventured the assertion that the centipede was the better fighter. He knew where one could be obtained and he went after it; the crowd waited. When he returned he brought a centipede nearly four and a half inches long. It was immediately dropped into the globe, and the fight, which was then begun, lasted for fully three-quarters of an hour, and was exceedingly savage while it lasted. The tarantula did most of the fighting, but after the first attack invariably got the worst of the round.

The tarantula fights with a pair of pincers, which are thrust out just below or from the lower part of the head. These are very hard, and strong enough to leave marks upon a lead pencil. The centipede fights with the double line of cat-like claws which are ranged in rows along the side of the body. In fighting the tarantula spreads himself out, and, after backing away after the manner of a crawfish until he can get no further, springs upon the enemy, thrusting out the pincers and grasping whatever portion of the body of the enemy comes within reach.

In the battle in the globe the two came together for a dozen or more rounds, breaking away and returning to the opposite side of the globe at the close of each. Finally the two came together and the centipede seemed to get the hold he had been looking for, and the tarantula's body was quickly wrapped up in the fold of the armed body of his opponent. Meanwhile the hundred claws of the centipede were working rapidly and with such effect that the life of the tarantula was soon over. The victorious centipede did not come out unscathed, as the forceps of the tarantula had pierced his body in five places, from which the black life fluid was running. He survived the battle only a few hours.—*San Diego Union.*

### Jamaica Lore.

The island negro is full of legends, stories, and quaint proverbs. It is a pity that they should never have been regularly collected and recorded, for the race of the old time house-slave woman, who held her audience breathless with the wonderful doings of "Anancy" and his wife "Crooky" and a son, "Jacoona," is now almost passed away. All of the strange, out-of-the-way phenomena of tropical nature are alive with suggestions of the supernatural and the mysterious to the negro mind.

At various parts of the island are subterranean rivers that here and there make a sudden appearance, to run swiftly for a few miles, and then to disappear again in the bowels of the earth. In places the water appears only in circular sink-holes, always brimming but never overflowing, even in the wet season, or never diminishing, even in the dry. In one of the mountain fastnesses a negro pointed out to me such a gloomy pool, with neither inlet nor outlet. To him it was the habitation of some monstrous subaqueous creature named "Crookie." He told me that nobody dared even go near the margin, for "Crookie" would catch him and pull him under. I could gather nothing from him but the bare facts, for when I pressed him for further detail concerning "Crookie's" character and habits, he evidently took my questions for covert ridicule, and withdrew himself into the shell of non-comprehension.

In their peculiar dialect the negroes possess a fund of quaint sayings and proverbs. "Alligator lay eggs, but him no fowl," says one. "Fishermen never say him fish ink," says another. Referring to the land-crab, "Little crab-hole spoil big meese," says one. Some of these quaint sayings show not only the keen insight of the semi-savage into the characteristics of the voiceless creation, but also a wonderfully shrewd and cunning knowledge of the weakness of poor human nature.

"Duck and fowl feed together, but no roost together." "When man dead, grass grow at him door." "Dog run for him character, pig run for him life." "Hungry dog eat cockroach." "Man bit by snake, him run away from lizard." Such are a few of the many scores of the like sayings that pass current from mouth to mouth of the merry black island peasantry.—*Howard Pyle, in Harper's Magazine.*

### Negro Officers.

In the early regiments recruited from the slaves of the southern states nothing was at first a greater obstacle than the unwillingness of the ignorant blacks to be subjected to one another. Not only had the commissioned officers to be taken from the white race, but in some cases the sergeants were similarly appointed, and it was only very gradually that the colored soldier could be brought to obey any one of their own race. "I don't want him to play the white man over me," was the frequent protest. By degrees they came to understand that they were not to obey their officers by reason of color, but because they were officers, and then they gradually learned to take pride in having sergeants and corporals of their own hue.—*Harper's Bazar.*

### An Orange Wrapper.

Some genius has invented a machine for wrapping oranges that does the work of three men. He says it can wrap 2,500 oranges in one hour.

The glass works at Kokomo, Ind., claim to have cast the largest sheet of plate glass ever produced in the United States. It covers 175 square feet and weighs 222 1-2 pounds.

## GOLD NUGGETS.

History of the Most Important Found in California.

The first nugget of any great importance, and which played a prominent part in the early history of California, was found by a young soldier of Stevenson's regiment, in the Mokelumne River, while drinking from that stream. He hastened to San Francisco and placed his prize in the hands of Col. Mason for safety, after which it found its way to New York, where it fanned the smouldering flame and caused the nations to realize the importance of California. This nugget weighed between twenty and twenty-five pounds.

In November, 1854, a mass of gold was found at Carson Hill, Calaveras County, which weighed 195 pounds troy. This is the largest piece of gold ever found in the State. Several other nuggets, weighing from six to seven pounds, were found in the same locality.

On the 18th of August, 1860, a large piece of gold was taken from the Monumental Quartz Mine, Sierra County, which weighed 1,596 ounces troy. The nugget was purchased by the owner by R. B. Woodward, of San Francisco, and exhibited at Woodward's Gardens. Mr. Woodward paid \$21,636.52 for it, and afterwards melted the nugget, realizing \$17,654.94 from it.

A Mr. Strain found a large slab-shaped gold nugget near Knapp ranch, half a mile east of Columbus, Tuolumne County, which weighed fifty pounds avoirdupois. After crushing and melting, the gold was valued at \$8,500.

In 1849 a nugget was found at Sullivan's Creek, Tuolumne County, that weighed twenty-eight pounds avoirdupois.

In 1856, at French Ravine, Sierra County, a nugget was found which contained considerable quartz, but yielded \$10,000, while another was found at an earlier date in 1851, the gold from which was valued at \$8,000.

In the year 1867, at Pilot Hill, El Dorado County, a boulder of gold quartz was found, which yielded in gold \$8,000.

Several other boulders of smaller size were found in the same claim. The boulders were found in what is known as the Boulder Gravel Claim, immediately west of the Pilot Hill Post-Office. A Mr. Virgin and others found a nugget on Gold Hill, Tuolumne County, which weighed 330 ounces, and was valued at about \$6,500.

In 1854 a mass of gold weighing 366 ounces and valued at \$6,625 was found at Columbus, Tuolumne County. It has been reported that a nugget weighing 266 ounces and valued at \$5,000 was found at Minnesota, Sierra County.

In 1850 a piece of gold quartz was found in French ravine, Sierra County, which contained 263 ounces of gold worth \$4,893.

It has been reported that a Frenchman found a nugget of gold in Spring Gulch, Columbia, Tuolumne County, which was nearly pure gold, being worth more than \$5,000. The finder became insane the next day and was sent to Stockton. The French Consul recovered the nugget, realized its value, and sent the money to the finder's family in France.

On the 4th of August, 1858, Ira A. Willard found on the west branch of Feather River a nugget weighing fifty-four pounds avoirdupois before and forty-nine and a half pounds after melting.

A gold nugget was found, date not given, near Kelsey, El Dorado County, which sold for \$4,700.

In 1876 J. D. Colgrove, of Dutch Flat, Placer County, found a white quartz boulder in the Polar Star hydraulic mine which contained \$5,760 worth of gold.

It has been reported that a nugget of pure gold was found in the middle fork of the American River, two miles from Michigan Bluff, in the year 1864, which weighed 226 ounces, and was sold for \$4,204. Another account of this nugget states that the weight was 187 ounces.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

### Dispositions on Tap.

It would be an enormous advantage to humanity if we could buy or hire dispositions. Millions would keep a stock of all kinds and hang them in a wardrobe as they do clothes. When you wanted to go to a wedding, for instance, you would go and put the appropriate disposition on with your dress suit. You would have a disposition for all kinds of occasions, and you could adjust yourself to any circumstances, joyous or sad. But you would have to be careful. For instance, if you put on your wedding disposition to go to a funeral there might be trouble; it would not be so bad if you put on your funeral disposition to go to a wedding. People would think you were sad about the girl getting married, as a result of your own experience, if you were married; because she was not marrying you, if you were not. It would do to go to a high tea with your prize-fighting disposition, either; and it would wrench your high tea disposition to go to a prize-fight with it. A great many men would not go home and change their disposition after business any more than they change their clothes.

"There, Mary," a fellow would say to his wife when they were settled at the opera. "I quite forgot to change my disposition, and I have my lawsuit one on. I might as well go home."

"What are you home so early for, John?" the anxious wife would remark when her husband came home early in the afternoon.

"Got some fellows from Chicago to entertain. Where did you hang my joyful jag the last time I came home?"

"I hung it out to air. You'll find it in the back yard—still a little moist."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

### An Important Discovery.

We have reasons to believe that a discovery of equal importance to New Testament scholars with that which gave Codex Aleph to the world has just been made. The rumor current in well-informed quarters credits the new find to Bryennios, the learned Archbishop of Nicomedia. The completion of the Epistle of Clement of Rome, and the unique manuscript of the Teaching of the Apostles have made him famous for discoveries even in this age of dis-

covery. But if the rumor that has come to us be true, and we think there are good reasons for believing it to be so, his name will be more closely identified with the New Testament itself. It is said that in some Turkish library at Damascus he has found a manuscript of the New Testament dating from about the middle of the fourth century—i. e., of the same antiquity as the Codex Sinaiticus. Indeed, some apprehensions are felt whether it is not altogether too much like the Sinaitic manuscript to be of the phenomenal importance that another totally independent manuscript of the same age would be. If, as is said, and we are not yet in a position to speak of it as more than a rumor, the new Codex resembles the Sinaitic not only in the additional books that are appended to it—the Epistle of Barnabas and the Shepherd of Hermas (we wonder whether, unlike the Sinaitic, it contains all the latter)—but also in the peculiarities of text, it would seem to be almost a duplicate of the Sinaitic, both forming, perhaps, part of an edition issued for the common use of the Palestinian Church. But even if this should prove to be the case, it would tend to show that the general type of text represented by it and the few older manuscripts was more commonly accepted than the defenders of the received text allow it to have been, and may perhaps help to reassure those strange exponents of criticism who make much of the question of numbers in the authorities for a reading. To the school of Westcott and Hort we should suppose that twenty or thirty duplicates of the Sinaitic would make but little difference, save as confirming the correctness of their theory; but to those timid critics to whom numbers are of importance, it would probably be really helpful. Whether or not the new manuscript (if it exists) be only a contemporary duplicate or an independent witness, the civilized world will await fuller particulars with extreme interest.—*London Record.*

### Private Gorman's Plan.

We heard in our company a very conceited young man named Gorman, says a writer in the *N. Y. Sun*, and from the day he shouldered a musket he was anxious to invent a plan to save the country. He had somewhere read that a private soldier gave Napoleon the plan of a successful campaign and was rewarded by being made a general, and his whole time was taken up in inventing plans, all of which were knocked in the head by our captain. One failure after another had no dampening effect on Private Gorman, however. The more he was suppressed the harder he thought, and his time finally came. When Burnside moved up to attack at Fredericksburg Gorman wrote him a letter, saying that he had a plan by which Lee's whole army could be driven into Richmond in terror or captured without bloodshed. The letter was put in such strong language that the general decided to investigate, and Private Gorman was sent for to explain his plan. He came back to us a prisoner, and was kept in the guard-house all that winter, and it was three months before we got a chance to find out what had happened at headquarters.

He explained that he was ushered into the presence of Gen. Burnside by ceremony, identified himself as the writer of the letter, and the general wheeled on him with:

"Well, how would you scatter Lee's army?"

"Easiest thing in the world, general," was the unabashed reply. "Wait, for a dark night; then let 10,000 soldiers creep up as speoks, put on false faces, and cross over the river. Each one is to stop softly, groan every few seconds, and if accused he is to answer that he is the ghost of a soldier slain at Bull Run. The sight of these speoks, will strike terror to every rebel's heart, and he will either fly or surrender. If this don't work I—"

But he got no further. He said that the general booted him out of the tent. It was a sudden and radical cure, and he spent no more time planning great campaigns.

### Feeding Canary Birds.

A good many people don't know how to take care of canary birds, and I, therefore, give them the following advice which I got from a bird-fancier: "Never give your bird sugar, or figs, or raisins, or anything sweet, except a small piece of sweet apple (peeled) twice a week. Put the apple in the cage in the morning and take it out at night. It should have all the rape and canary seed it wants and gravel should be kept at the bottom of the cage. Avoid feeding the bird celery. Twice a week feed it on one-third of a boiled egg, using both the white and the yellow of the egg. Grate up the egg; that is better than putting it in whole. Give it the egg the day before it gets the apple and as large a piece of the former as of the latter. Let it have a bath every other day, using water with the chill taken off."—*Epoch.*

### Putting It to the Test.

Faith in the friendship of others is a very good thing to have, but it is not always strengthened by the unexpected guise that friendship occasionally assumes. A young versifier, upon submitting one of his productions to his older and less dreamy room-mate, was asked, the verses having been read with great care:

"Did you write this stuff?"

"Yes."

"Where will you send it?"

"To Mr. Blank. He's the editor of the *W—Daily Journal*. I send it to him because he is an old friend of my father's."

"All right. I'm glad you're going to send it to Blank. Perhaps, for your father's sake, he will decline to print it."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Postmaster-General Wanamaker was once proprietor and editor of a newspaper. When he was 18 years old he started an amateur journal in Philadelphia. He obtained a hundred subscribers at the start and when the journal passed away a year later its circulation had somewhat increased. The sheet had advertisements, editorials, and poems, all of which were the work of the proprietor.

## SOUTHERN MANITOBA.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A VISITOR TO THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Icelanders Who Have Made Happy Homes in the Tiger Hills—Lots of Fishing in Their Waters—Farmers Who Have the Roaming Fever and Move Further West.

Having a day or two to spare in my transcontinental trip by the Canadian Pacific Railway, I decided to stop over at Winnipeg with the view of seeing part of the Province of Manitoba. Several sections of the country were mentioned to me as points well worthy of inspection. The traveler is almost certain to meet in Winnipeg men hailing from every part of the prairie province, each of whom takes a delight in expatiating on the advantages of his own particular district and the best route to take to see it. Whether the representative of Southern Manitoba was the best talker, or whether he had really more variety of some and peoples to offer me, I am unable to say, but I was won over to his side, and concluded to take a drive through the Lake District of Southern Manitoba.

Leaving Winnipeg at noon, by the train on the Manitoba South Western Railway, we had a most enjoyable trip to Glenboro, the terminus of the road; there I easily completed my arrangements to drive south through the country lying between that town and the South Western Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with the intention of taking the train back to Winnipeg from Killarney. I visited a number of the well-to-do farmers in this vicinity. One, a Mr. Davidson, who had 400 acres under cultivation, informed me that he had succeeded beyond his expectation. That with the exception of two seasons he had always had an average of over thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, oats about fifty. It was unnecessary to find farmers in the Glenboro District who have over two hundred acres in crop, and who confirmed Mr. Davidson's testimony as to the high yield obtained from the rich black soil for which this country is noted.

Leaving the lower land our drive took us over through the Tiger Hills, where I had an opportunity of seeing how foreigners succeed. There is in this section a large settlement of Icelanders. Most of these people when they landed in Winnipeg had hardly a dollar of capital after defraying their expenses out from home. It was hard to recollect their statements as to their early struggles in Manitoba when they were unacquainted with the English language and the ways of the country, with the affluent position in which I found them. As an illustration of their success let me mention a few in-



AN ICELANDER'S HOME IN THE TIGER HILLS. Stenous: Skapti Arnason, settled in 1881, capital at time of starting \$400; now worth \$7000. Pall Arnason, settled 1887 without means now worth \$1400. Thorstein Jonsson, settled in 1881, capital \$240; now more increased to \$8150. Bjorn Walstrom homesteaded in 1883, capital \$80; now worth \$6300. I might cite a score of other cases equally favorable but enough has been said to illustrate the wealth of the soil, and what it will do to the worker. Wherever I went through the settlement I saw evidences of the remarkable success of these people, who had come from the far north. I could not help feeling that if these people, poor in this world's goods, coming from a country foreign to our own, and where the conditions of farming are so dissimilar, had been so eminently successful how much greater should be the progress of those moving from the older provinces of Canada or from English speaking countries. I was assured by the Icelandic agent, that without exception, the colonists in the settlement were well satisfied with their land positions and prospects.

We spent two days driving through the country adjoining Pelican, Louise Rock and Killarney Lakes. I can safely say that a more beautiful section of country bordering these Lakes has not fallen to my lot before to visit. This section is the very best ideal of a farming country, possessing a rich soil of great depth, and an abundance of



HARVESTING SCENE IN THE PRAIRIE. wood, hay and water. It is well served with railways; at no point is the farm more than fifteen miles from a market-town on a rail way. When to this is added the fact that the lakes are well stocked with fish and water fowl, and the bluffs and hills with game in great variety it is not to be wondered at that the farmers are contented and happy and feel that their lines have fallen in pleasant places. At Killarney I inquired what chances there were for obtaining land and learned that at the homesteads or free grant lands had been taken up, but the Canadian Pacific Railway Company had still a lot of valuable lands for sale to actual settlers, at prices, which considering they are situated in such a well settled district, seemed to me to be low, viz., from \$4 to \$7 an acre, especially, taking into consideration the easy terms of payment—one-tenth of the purchase money in cash. I was somewhat surprised that there was any land left to buy. Improved farms can also be purchased at fair figures. There are always a number of farmers in any district who are either too lazy to make farming profitable, or who have the roaming fever. Such are always ready to sell out and move farther west. It seemed to me that a man with some means moving into Manitoba in the spring would be well advised if he bought out one of these farmers. He would save a season, as his house is already built to receive his family, and he need not let a day pass before putting in a crop. By this means he will be able to pay his way from the start and will be from one to two years ahead of the man who takes up or purchases wild land.

FIN AND FLOUR.